AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION.

VOLUME XIX., No. 23. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1884. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

As long as the horrors of the Indian Mutiny remain in the minds of the English people, the life of the Christian hero, Sir Henry Havelock, can never be forgotten. He gained much distinction in other countries but he will always be thought of principally in connection with India, for it was there that he gave his life for his countrymen. He was born in Sunderland, England, in April 1795, the second of four brothers who all became soldiers.

It was intended that he should study law, but through some misunderstanding with his father he gave it up and in 1815 entered the army shortly after the battle of Waterloo. During the eight years that followed he gave his principal attention to the theory of war, in which he became proficient, and also to the study of the Hindustani language, and in 1823 he followed his two brothers to India. In 1829 he married Hannah Shepherd, the daughter of the eminent missionary, Dr. Marshman.

His rise in the army was at first not rapid; at the end of twenty-three years' service being still a lieutenant. But he was almost constantly in active service. He spent some time in Burmah and in 1828 he published a book on "Campaigns in Ava." Some time after this he went to Afghanistan where he greatly distinguished himself, and rose from one position to another until about 1854 he was made adjutant-general of the troops in India. Before this he had published his "Memoirs of the Afghan Campaign." He was also sent by Sir James Outram in command of troops to Persia where war was going on, and peace had only just concluded there when news was received of the outbreak of the Mutiny, and he hastened back to India.

But has it ever occurred to our young readers that to obtain a thorough knowledge of the life of any man they must know fairly the geography of the country where he made his name; for how can you read the story of this dreadful time intelligently if you cannot quite remember whether the river Ganges empties into the Bay of Bengal or the Arabian Sea, and if you think of Lucknow as a city perhaps somewhere on the borders of Afghanistan, or down near Madras? So now, if you are still interested in the life of General Havelock, and are not pretty well acquainted with India turn to your map and to the historic river Ganges, and fix in your mind the situation of the places named.

Early in 1857 all the valley of the Ganges broke out in rebellion against the British, the cities of Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow were the chief centres of the trouble. In the two latter the British residents, a mere handful, were besieged by the rebels under their cruel leader Nana Sahib. Too few themselves to attack the rebels, they could only hold the fort in the hope that soldiers would be sent to their relief before the enemy forced an entrance. As soon as the news of the rising was received in Calcutta General Havelock was sent up the river to Allahabad with orders to raise an army there, and then march to the relief of Cawnpore and Lucknow. But it was hard work getting there; between Allahabad and Cawnpore he had repeated encounters with the rebels, and when at last he reached the city flushed with victory, having put Nana Sahib to flight it was only to find that he had come too late. The little company, after suffering untold horrors for three weeks, had surrendered on being promised by Nana Sahib that he would take them safely to Allahabad. But, instead of that, as they were getting on board the boats he had brought for them, and when quite defenceless, he shot all the men down, and a few days later when he heard that Havelock's army was near the city, the women and children, whom he had spared from the first massacre, were butchered in cold blood and their dead bodies mutilated and thrown around the streets. Imagine the feelings of General Havelock as he gazed upon the dead bodies of those whom he had come all that distance to save.

But more work was before him. Lucknow lay one hundred miles away and he had to fight his way to the relief of the garrison, who were entrenched there under the command of Sir Henry Lawrence. Eight battles in succession he fought and won, and then his army was so reduced that he had to go back to Cawnpore and wait for reinforcements under Sir James Outram. General Outram arrived early in September, but although he was higher in rank than Havelock he generously refused to take the command from him, and so let Havelock crown the glory he had already won by raising the siege of Lucknow. Since the first of July this unhappy city had been besieged. Arrived at the city Havelock and Outram had to fight their way through narrow streets, each house a fortress in itself, until they reached the Residency, which they did on the 26th of September. And now General Outram resumed the command of the forces. But although they had entered the city and relieved the garrison they were too few to entirely defeat the enemy, and they were in their turn besieged, and it was not until the 10th of November that the final relief came under the command of Sir Colin Campbell.

But the hardships General Havelock had gone through proved too much for his strength and after a short attack of severe illness he died, three days after the Residency was evacuated. As a reward for his services he was created a baronet but he died before the news could reach him. By royal order his wife was given a pension and awarded the rank she would have held had her husband lived, and the baronetcy was given to his eldest son who had been with his father in the war in Persia and in the Sepoy rebellion which had cost him his life.

The death of Sir Henry Havelock was a great blow to his friends and to his country. He was loved by all. He devoted much of his time to the spiritual welfare of the soldiers under his command, who received in derision from the other men the name of "Havelock's Saints;" and he regularly devoted a considerable portion of each day to private devotions. In his last moments

he said to Sir James Outram, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear."

Temperance Department.

TWO GIRLS' INFLUENCE.

BY FAITH ALSTEAD.

"I know you would not think my reason of any account, Emily, but I never wish to pursue the acquaintance of any one who is not a strict temperance man, a total abstainer from all that intoxicates." So spoke Bessie Sayres, as she stood with her friend in a deep window from which they had just responded to the bow of a gentleman who was passing.

"O, well, Bessie, of course," said Emily, with an uneasy laugh, "I believe in temperance principles, too; but then, you know, we cannot expect young men to be as strict as we are; they have so many more temptations."

"I do," said Bessie, quietly, "and I think that all the more reason why they should be strict, in order to avoid temptation."

Emily Rutherford looked unconvinced. She was a pretty girl, prettier than Bessie, but there was a look of indecision about her full red mouth, that contrasted forcibly with the decided lines around her friend's.

"Well, Bessie," she said at last, after a few moments' silence, "you know, as well as I do, that no one ever saw Mr. Ashland under the influence of liquor."

"No," said Bessie, "but he makes no secret of his views on the subject, that one can take a glass occasionally, or even daily, and suffer no harm."

"Do you think he does suffer from it?" asked Emily.

"Possibly not himself," said Bessie, "though even that is doubtful to my mind; but look at his influence, Emily," she said, laying her hand on her friend's arm. "Think of Charlie Maynard—is his influence over him what you would like?"

Emily flushed. "Charlie ought to be able to take care of himself," she said; "I should be ashamed of him, if he could not."

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak," quoted Bessie, softly. "Mr. Ashland professes to follow the teachings of the Book from which those words are taken."

Emily turned away uneasily. She always felt dissatisfied with herself, when with Bessie. She knew the right way, but dread of ridicule kept her from coming out as a strong temperance worker. In the circle of society in which she moved, wine was a common beverage, even in a small company, and she remembered how, just a few evenings ago, she had smilingly handed Charlie Maynard a glass of the sparkling poison—for it was poison to Charlie. His blood was fevered by a small amount, and his gay laugh and unsteady step were but the forerunners of a blinding headache, and bitter remorse and self-upbraiding.

"I think, though, Bessie," she said, as her friend followed her to the door, "that you are rather extreme in your views. It surely would do no harm for you to show some appreciation of Mr. Ashland's attentions, and not so studiously avoid meeting him."

Bessie smiled. "You must allow me to do as I think best in the matter, Emily," she said, gently; and then the girls separated with an affectionate good-bye.

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"You look gloomy, Tom!" It was Charlie Maynard's cheery voice that broke upon Mr. Ashland's reverie. The latter sprang to his feet, and welcomed the young man in a tone the reverse of gloomy; but when they were seated by the open grate, with a light stand between, on which stood a decanter and two goblets, his face grew grave again. The firelight flashed and flickered on the cut glass, the wine sparkled and glowed, and as Charlie, in response to a word from his friend, raised his glass to his lips, he paused and said, "If I were you, Tom Ashland, I would not touch this again."

"What do you mean, Charlie?" asked the other, surprised.

"Simply this," said Charlie; "I believe that Miss Sayres thinks well enough of you to encourage you if it was not for your indulgence in this. She is almost a fanatic on the subject of temperance, it seems to me."

"Why do you not take your own advice?" said Mr. Ashland, with a half-laugh.

"O, Emily would not impose any such condition on me," said Charlie, flushing.

"If what you say is true, Charlie, I will let this be the last I will touch," said Mr. Ashland, pouring out what remained in his glass over the ashes. "Will you join me in it?"

"Not now," said Charlie. "I have not so much at stake as you, so I'll wait awhile before I join the 'temperance army.'"

"Better come now," said Mr. Ashland; but Charlie still shook his head.

Ah, Emily! if you had only made the stand you should, when Charlie asked you if you objected to the use of wine, what a different sequel your life might have had.

The months sped by, and found Tom Ashland keeping his word firmly through all temptations, and surely winning his way with Bessie. Charlie and Emily were settled in a snug little home not far from Bessie's. Emily seemed happy, but sometimes a shade of care would flit over her girlish face, and as the months grew to years this deepened and settled on her brow.

Long before this, Bessie was Mrs. Ashland, and her husband's interest in the work she had always had so at heart, was scarcely second to her own.

Charlie Maynard was the one always nearest to their hearts, always first in their prayers, but it was not until years after Emily had laid down her weight of grief and sorrow and gone to her rest, that these efforts were rewarded, and Charlie ransomed from the power of the destroyer.

Bessie would never give him up, never listen to Tom's discouraged words, when he told of some fresh fall of Charlie's, and said, "I am afraid it is of no use, Bessie."

"It must be of use, Tom," she would say. "I'll never believe that Emily's bitter repentance was not accepted, as long as Charlie is within reach of our efforts. But, O, if she had only used her influence in the right direction, earlier."

When Charlie was at last enabled to overcome his fatal weakness, he looked like an old man, although only in middle life. What wonder, then, that he often sighed as he contrasted his blighted powers with the vigorous manhood of his friend, and thought of the wasted years of his life, which even the most earnest efforts could not wholly redeem!

Reader, on which side is your influence?—*Church and Home.*

PAUL THOMPSON—A TRUE STORY.

One afternoon, a few weeks since, while passing through one of the principal business streets of a large city, we came upon a crowd of school-boys standing in front of a saloon. The boys had come out of a school-house only a few moments before, and had their books, slates, etc., in their hands. They were a company of bright, intelligent, happy-looking lads, but they all seemed deeply interested in something that was going on inside of that saloon. As they opened their ranks to make way for us to pass, we stopped and asked what it was that had attracted such a large crowd of boys.

"Paul Thomson's been in a fight in the saloon there, and a policeman has just gone in to arrest him," said one of the boys.

While he was speaking, a large, blue-coated, brass-buttoned officer came out leading a man, or rather jerking him, by the coat collar. The man in custody was young, with slight form and delicate features, and as we looked into his face we saw traces of intelligence and cultivation.

"He is drunk," said another boy, "and when he's drunk he is always ugly and wants to fight. This isn't the first time he has been taken, either."

The crowd of boys followed the policeman and the prisoner, and we soon lost sight of them. As we passed on, we noticed the public-school building was only a short distance from the saloon; many of the scholars had to pass by it every day. The same proprietor had been in possession of the building for ten years past. Only six years before Paul Thompson had graduated from the High School. He was a scholar of high standing, too. But he had been in the habit of passing this dangerous corner for years before he graduated. He had been attracted to it in his boyhood, as the boys just spoken of had been, by some similar occurrence. He began by looking in to see what was going on behind the green screen-doors. Then he stepped inside to hear what the men were talking about. The saloon-keeper noticed him, for he had a manly bearing, and belonged to a family in high standing. He encouraged the boy's coming in with pleasant, flattering words, and one day he gave him a glass of beer to drink. Paul thought it was manly to take the offered glass, but he could only drink a part of it; he did not like the taste, it was bitter; but the saloon-man patted him on the shoulder, and told him to drink as much as he could, and it would make a man of him. Paul knew it was wrong, and when he went home he felt ashamed to stay in the presence of a good, sweet mother. He could not look her in the face; every smile she gave him, and every kind word, made him feel more and more guilty. He resolved never to pass by the saloon again, but to go home another way although it was much farther. But somehow he did not go the other way but a few times. There seemed to be a fascination about that saloon, and he would linger around it. That was the beginning. Now we see Paul Thompson a constant frequenter of the same saloon. He had been going down, down, from bad to worse for six years or more. The very years, too, of his life which were the most important to him—the time when he ought to have been acquiring a true, honorable, manly character. His mother used to love to hear his step on the walk, and his cheerful, boyish whistle when he came bounding home from school, so happy and light-hearted. But now that dear mother listens and listens night after night for his step with an anxious heart. She is weary and worn with the late watching. She has pleaded with prayers and tears for his reform; but the "habit begun in cobwebs has ended in iron chains." He is a slave to liquor. We trust his good mother's prayers will be heard, and that, through the mercy and strength of the Lord Jesus Christ, he may break those iron chains. But we see where he is to-day. Now boys, this case of Paul Thompson's is a great warning to all of you. Don't stop at saloons, even to look in. Cross over on the other side, and shun those terrible places where so many have lost their manhood and their soul. Remember that every poor, miserable drunkard began his downward career when he took his first glass.—*Evangelist.*

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES."

Not long since a good sister of the W. C. T. U. was visiting at a beautiful home in one of our cities, where some brandy peaches were passed at the tea-table. A little boy of the family watched her closely, and when he saw her decline them, a bright smile illumined his face, and leaning confidently upon her lap he said, "Oh, I know why you didn't take the peaches; It's because there's brandy in them, and it will help make us like to drink brandy and then we might get to be drunkards."

"I can't think where the child learned such nonsense!" said the lady of the house, apologetically.

"Oh, I'll tell you," said the little fellow, "I learned it at Sunday school; my teacher told me all about it, and I'm never, never going to eat any brandy peaches. Don't you see, mamma, the lady don't eat them, and I'm so glad she's temperance too."

And the little fellow crept close to his friend with a new air of fraternity, while the embarrassed mother left her own peaches untasted.

"Ah," thought the W. C. T. U. worker, "there's a temperance missionary in this house, whose influence can scarcely be counted."

Let us send out these little missionaries from every Sunday school armed with definite and clear instruction on these points where our insidious enemy is creeping in among the lambs of the flock.—*Union Signal.*

THE SNAKE STORE.

"There was once a man who came into a certain town and opened a store. He sold a kind of goods different from what his neighbors sold. One of his neighbors kept a grocery; you all know what a grocery store is, where they sell sugar, coffee, tea, soap, and many other articles for family use. You know what dry goods stores are, and hardware stores, and clothing stores and milliner's shops, where they sell many things that are very good and useful. Some of you have seen bird stores in the large cities, where they sell canary birds, parrots and other birds whose sweet song or beautiful feathers make them desirable. Some of you have seen horse markets or cattle markets, where people might buy these animals for food or service. But this man did not have any such useful thing.

He had a snake store! Nothing but snakes, every one of them poisonous, was to be seen there. There were monstrous serpents coiled up in hugh barrels; there were the rattle-snakes and the cobras and the adders and the asps, of all sizes and colors. Many of them lived in long, narrow glass houses, with a hole in the top where they might crawl out. On the front of their glass house was printed a gorgeous label bearing the name of the snake within. There were beautiful labels, but behind every one of them were the gleaming eyes of the poisonous serpent, with the sharp fangs ready to bite. Bottled snakes stood in long rows on the shelves, or lay in their barrels and boxes and casks all about the store."

"But do you really mean to say, Mr. Lathrop, that the man really sold these horrid snakes to the people?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean. Every snake had its own price, and any one who chose could come in there and buy one, or as many as he wanted."

"But didn't they take out the poisonous fangs, before they were sold?"

"No, not a bit of it. People seemed to like their biting. Men and boys would take the snakes and play with them, even putting them into their mouths and let them run down their stomachs, where they would always bite. So they kept getting poisoned, and seemed to like it. They would get red and purple in the face, and their eyes would get glassy, and their speech thick, and they would become dizzy, and would stagger and reel all about, and sometimes fall down in a fit. Oh, how many were bitten! Old men and young boys, and sometimes even women, seemed to enjoy handling the smooth, slippery serpents, and they would always put them in their mouths. Many men died from the poison, and others would get terribly sick and thought they saw snakes in their boots, and on their beds, and in the air, writhing and twisting about them everywhere. Some were so fond of the snakes that they would sell their clothes, their Bibles, their food, and everything they had, so they might get bitten again by these reptiles. The people became poorer, and more miserable, while the snake stores flourished and multiplied. We have nearly one hundred of them in Macon."

"Oh, I know what they are! You mean liquor saloons!"

"That's it, my boy. Keep away from those evil places. All liquor has snakes in it. Alcohol is a poison. "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*The Helping Hand.*

FRENCH "BRANDY."—The report of the United states Consul at Rochelle on French brandy ought to help in the strengthening of the hands of the Blue Ribbon Society. Brandy within the last three years has ceased to be brandy, being for the most part alcohol of grain, potatoes or beets. The proprietors of the vineyards themselves have become so clever in its fabrication that it is almost impossible even for honest merchants to buy a pure cognac when they wish to do so. When the bottle is invoiced or labelled 1849 or 1856 it only means that the article has been made to resemble the brandy of that year. The alcohol which has taken the place of the genuine spirit of the grape is described as a most pernicious liquor, producing an intoxication which inclines the patient to rage and physical violence, while the prolonged use of it leads to insanity.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

THOSE DREADFUL BOYS.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

(Continued.)

"How did you get on?" asked the superintendent nervously, as the classes were filing out. The boys were near. They heard Mrs. Lyste's reply.

"Oh, we're skirmishing along the line. We'll fall in ranks pretty soon. We're bound to come out all right. We've a lot of enemies to conquer, but we mean to win the battle. This class is going to distinguish itself."

"Cæsar!" whispered Rob Denslow, "I should say it had done that, if she did but know it."

And then they all got out upon the street and were a shade less dreadful than on the previous Sunday.

The next Sunday and the next found teacher and scholars coming into closer harmony. The class was invited to Mrs. Lyste's house for a jolly evening at the end of the first month. The boys never forgot the delights of that evening. Mrs. Lyste told stories, played games with them, sang old-fashioned songs, and at last proposed to boil molasses and make taffy.

"The cook is out, and so is the kitchen fire," she laughed, "but that's no matter where there are boys around. Come on, we'll find the kindlings and the molasses jug, and the fun will find itself, I'll engage."

They trooped beside her to the kitchen. Will Martin spied the hatchet at once, and made haste to split kindlings and build a fire. Rob measured out molasses, and the other boys, armed with hammers and hatchet and sad-irons made war on a pan of walnuts that Mrs. Lyste had provided. Willie Davis offered to watch and stir the molasses. Mrs. Lyste drew a chair up to the kitchen table and plied the nut-pick.

"It makes me think I am a boy again," she laughed as she took her place in the midst of the merry circle. "I never shall forget the day I first tried walking on stilts with my brother. We had such fun. I wonder if boys nowadays have as good times as they did when I was young. How do you boys amuse yourselves when you are off duty?"

And so she led them to tell of their sports, their base ball clubs, their excursions of one sort and another; and as she did not constitute herself a commentating critic, she had some very enlightening information given her on the habits and manners of her boys when left entirely to themselves.

It came out that they indulged sometimes in cider drinking—every one of them. Rob Denslow liked beer, and took a glass whenever he could get it. He acquired the liking for it when he was a little fellow visiting his German cousins in Cincinnati. Even the babies drank beer there. His folks had it on the table at every meal. Willie Davis thought beer poor stuff, but owned that he liked wine first-rate. Always had a glass when he dined with his uncle Joe. Two other Willies thought egg-nog just delicious. Three of the lads smoked cigarettes, and Rob Denslow generally smoked one cigar a day.

It all came out inadvertently, without a question or comment by the hostess, and the boys never suspected they were furnishing their teacher with an opportunity as they laughed and joked and pulled the ropes of flaky taffy, and drank the refreshing lemonade that their good friend had in readiness for them as they returned to the parlor, heated and thirsty after the kitchen fun. Yet when they had gone and the last echo of their cheery noisy chatter had died away on the street, Mrs. Lyste turned away from the door and, entering the deserted parlor, sat down with folded hands and thoughtful eyes and pondered upon what she had heard and seen.

"What danger they are in, poor lads," she murmured pityingly. And then she knelt and besought the Lord for the souls of those precious boys. To her they were never dreadful.

To earnest, well-directed effort little is denied. With heart and soul and mind and strength Mrs. Lyste entered upon the work of winning these boys from the power of evil for the service of the Lord she loved. Several Sabbaths later she surprised the class with an announcement.

"Boys," she said, as she took up the lesson papers, "there is a work for the Master that needs to be done over in the B—— Street neighborhood, and I've thought and prayed over it for weeks, and I've come to the conclusion that it is just our work—yours and mine. We've got to set about saving some of the boys over there who play ball about that soda and bottled beer stand on B—— Street Square every Sunday afternoon. They are going to ruin. It wrings my heart to see it. We can save them if we will. We must save them."

"We?" chorused the class with wide eyes and questioning tones.

"We. This class," said Mrs. Lyste. "Are'n't we all on God's side, the side of honor and unselfish good-will to all? Who of us is against this? And are'nt we courageous enough to arm ourselves and go out to conquer an enemy when our Captain calls? We come here Sunday after Sunday to study God's Word because we believe in God and desire to know his will, don't we?"

"Yes'm," came promptly from every boy.

"We don't understand all yet, but we're learning every day, and our Saviour has said that if any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine. Now, we may as well commit ourselves here and now—we may never have another chance. We desire to make the most of ourselves and of our opportunities, don't we? We are honestly willing to own that Christian character is the best thing, and the thing that we desire for ours, and we are willing to strive hard to attain it. We are willing to be known as recruits for the grandest service the world has ever known, and to enlist under the banner of the cross with Jesus as our Captain, to go forth to do battle with all forces of evil, are'nt we? Then, when we're led right up to a battery of Satan, we have just one thing to do—take up our weapons, march on, and take it by storm.

"Now these B—— Street boys. We can't go to them with clubs and swords and beat them off their ground, and haul them to the Sunday-school and put Bibles in their hands." The boys laughed out at the idea. "But we can go to them with another sort of weapon, and we can draw them from the play ground to the Sunday-school. If we determine to do it, we can do it. Shall we determine?"

"All right. Let's try it," said one. "But you'll have to tell us how," said another "Boys won't read tracts, and those boys won't stand any foolin'."

"We sha'n't fool," said Mrs. Lyste. "neither will we ask them to read tracts. I've a plan thought out. I want you to approve it, however, and so I invite you to my house to-morrow evening, when we'll organize for action. Then I'll tell you of my plan, and then we'll set about work. You'll see. Some good will come of it, if we only set our minds to the work and seek God's blessing. Now for the lesson, and to-morrow for the practical application of it."

The boys were quite at home in Mrs. Lyste's parlor now. There had been a monthly reunion ever since the class had been hers. They had listened to good music, had examined curious objects from all parts of the world, had heard famous stories, had romped and eaten and drank and made merry many a time in those pleasant rooms. They would never miss a gathering, even though the idea of a personal responsibility hung over it, and promptly at the hour on Monday evening they were on hand.

"We are to have oysters and hot waffles at ten," Mrs. Lyste said, as she seated the boys around her library table, "so we want to get through the business of the evening in time for a little play-spell before supper, therefore we will proceed at once to the serious subject before us. We won't enter upon any work for God in our own unaided strength, we need the divine help. Let us kneel and seek it."

"Blessed Lord, our only helper," she prayed, "here we are, a little band of raw recruits, ready and willing for thy service; where thou leadest we will follow. We ask for thy Holy Spirit to animate and inspire us. We want to be thine own dear children and faithful servants. If we are not wholly consecrated to thee, then come thou now and consecrate us. We bring our hearts to thee just as they are, and we ask thee to take them and cleanse them and make them fit abodes for the indwelling of thy Spirit. We desire to do a work for thee. Help us, Lord, that we may help those about us, help us to win those boys, who play every Sunday on B—— Street lot to a better way. Give each of us good sense to know how to act, and a good-will that shall make our actions honest and true. May we do our part wisely and kindly, and wilt thou give us a victory? And as we set about the work for our dear Master, help us to purify ourselves even as He is pure. Bless our organization, and bless each one of us, for thy own name's sake. And in token of our earnest purpose, hear us together say—Amen."

And the boys' amen was prompt and hearty.

As they resumed their seats Mrs. Lyste drew from the table drawer a new blank book. On its first fair page was engrossed in large script:

OUR UNION.

Motto—We strive to conquer.

On the opposite page,

Our Bond and Pledge.

We the undersigned, do hereby bind ourselves in a Union that shall have for its aim any worthy work of love to God and good-will to man that our hands may find to do. And that we may prove ourselves worthy members of a pure Union, we pledge ourselves to use no profane language, and to abstain from the use of alcohol and tobacco in all their forms, and to maintain the cause of truth and justice always and everywhere, by the help of our Lord and King, Jesus Christ.

As Mrs. Lyste read aloud the written words, she took from the drawer a jewel casket which she opened, displaying to the view seven beautiful scarf pins of exquisite workmanship, the design being a golden cross set with a tiny opal.

(To be Continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Dec. 7.—Prov. 23 : 29-35.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Strong drink a foe. When drink, like a strong man armed, once gains entrance, its first concern is to overpower the watchmen on their towers;—caution, judgment, self-respect, natural affection, common sense; and the reserve force of justice, honesty, and religion. When these guardians of the fortress are killed or maimed, the powder magazine, as well as the rich spoils of man, lies open to the enemy's tender mercies which are cruelty.

"O God, that men should put an enemy in
Their mouths, to steal away their brains!"
—*M. Briggs.*

II. Warnings. A little steamer once shot the rapids at Niagara, and, though the captain declared, "The fact of my having gone through safely with my boat does not demonstrate to my satisfaction that the river is navigable," many men have been ambitious of testing it. Paul Boyton took the precaution of sending down some logs, and when he saw the heavy timbers come through, splintered and soaked, he left Niagara the same day. We have not forgotten the fate of Matthew Webb, another famous swimmer, who also looked long and intently upon the seething waters, and thought that *he* could go through?—*M. Briggs.*

III. The enchantress Circe, in Homer's Odyssey, is a good illustration of the power of intemperance. She invited the strangers to her marvellously beautiful palace, tempted them with her luxurious feasts, but those who partook thereof she turned into beasts. Only Ulysses, protected by a certain flower, was safe from her enchantments. That flower for us is Total Abstinence.

IV. The veiled prophet of Khorassan, in Moore's "Lalla Rookh," is an exact and vivid picture of this modern fiend. Over the features of this great chief, Mokanna, was hung a glittering silver veil to hide, as he said, his dazzling brow, too bright for man to look upon. His followers, each,

"Kneeling pale
With pious awe before the silver veil,
Believes the form to which he bends the knee,
Some pure redeeming angel sent to free
This fettered world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again."
"On his white flag, Mokanna's host unfurled
These words of sunshine, *Freedom to the world.*"

Then he persuaded the beautiful, innocent Zelica to be his bride,—the elect of Paradise, the bride of Heaven.

"Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that heaven, her destined sphere
Where all was pure, and every stain that lay
Upon the spirit's light should pass away."

Under such promise, he hurried her to the charnel house, and while the dead stood around them, and their blue lips echoed their vows, she pledged in a goblet of burning blood that she would be his, body and soul. Never would she leave him; and the wide charnel echoed, "Never, never." Then, too late for her, he revealed to her his soul.

"Ha, ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
And that I love mankind—I do, I do!"
As *victims* love them——
"As the Nile bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she lives."

Then he drew away the silver veil that hid his maimed and monstrous features, exclaiming:

"Here judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am."

That is almost word for word the picture of the wine cup. It promises all manner of joys; it sings of Paradise; it seems an angel of delight,

"Sent to free this fettered world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again."

It unfurls its banner, inscribed with "these words of sunshine: Freedom to the World." It persuades the young, the brilliant, the innocent to partake of its feasts and wed themselves to it. And when it has bound them by the chains of appetite, of habit, and of disease, irrevocably, then it bears its victims to the charnel house of the dead—of the millions of the dead whom it has slain, and they echo, "Never, never, never, shall we part." It casts off then its shining veil, and reveals its loathsome, monstrous features: it shows them the evil it has done to others and will do to them; it piles up its losses, its miseries, its remorse, its utter ruin before them, and well may exclaim:

"Here judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am.'—*J.*

PRACTICAL.

I. Summary of the evils of intemperance.

1. It injures the body.
2. It ruins the soul.
3. It disables the mind.
4. It unfits for daily life.
5. It brings poverty.
6. It leads into bad company.
7. It is opposed to religion and morality.
8. It injures family and friends.
9. It tempts others.
10. It leads to crime.
11. It fills poor-houses and prisons.

II. The Cure.

1. Don't begin.
2. Touch not, taste not, handle not.
3. Keep away from drinking places.
4. Keep away from the company of those who drink.
5. Sign the pledge.
6. First and chiefest, give yourself body and soul to the Lord Jesus Christ.
7. Use all the helps of prayer and religion.
8. Work continually for temperance and religion.
9. Keep yourselves familiar with the arguments for temperance.
10. Prohibitory laws.
11. A temperance atmosphere.

Dec. 14.—Eccles. 2 : 1-13.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "How was it," I at length said (to the poet Robert Ferguson,) "that you were the gayest in the party last night?" "I do not know that I can better answer you," he replied, "than by telling you a singular dream I had. I dreamed that I had suddenly quitted the world, and was journeying, by a long and dreary passage, to the place of final punishment. A blue, dismal light glimmered along the lower wall of the vault, and from the darkness above, where there flickered a thousand undefined shapes, I could hear deeply-drawn sighs, and hollow groans, and convulsive sobbings, and the prolonged moans of an unceasing anguish. I was aware, however, though I knew not how, that these were but the expressions of a lesser misery. I went on and on, and the vault widened; and the light increased, and the sounds changed. There were loud laughters, and shouts of triumph and exultation; and in brief, all the thousand mingled tones of a gay and joyous revel. 'Can these,' I exclaimed, 'be the sounds of misery when at the deepest!' 'Bethink thee,' said a shadowy form beside me—'bethink thee, if it be so on earth.' And as I remembered that it was so, and bethought me of the mad revels of shipwrecked seamen and of plague-stricken cities, I awoke."—*Hugh Miller in Tales and Sketches,* "Recollections of Robert Ferguson."

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

If the young man had been bewildered when the lady spoke to him, he was too much astonished now to say a word. He just stared for a minute at the burning cheeks, as though he felt like saying:

"What in the world can you be talking about?" At last he spoke.

"There is no harm done, my little friend. I had already forgotten that you laughed. My thoughts were too busy about other things, and too sad to pay much attention to watches, or to think of anything but getting over the ground as fast as possible."

"We go very fast," said Christie earnestly.

She wanted to comfort the young man, his voice sounded so sad. He smiled faintly.

"Do you think so? It seems to me that we almost creep."

Christie caught her breath to keep from expressing too great surprise. It seemed to her that they almost flew.

He saw the astonishment on her face, and explained:

"A hundred miles from here I have a very sick friend. If I could get to her in time, I think I might help her. Do you wonder that the train seems to me to move very slowly?"

"No, Sir;" said Christie, with great sympathetic eyes. "If mother were sick, I should want to fly."

She sat back after that, and the young man took a telegram from his pocket, and seemed to study it. Then he took a newspaper, and seemed to others to be reading it; but Christie saw that part of the time it was upside down. She felt very sorry for him, and could not help glancing at him occasionally with a tender smile on her face; especially as he smiled back, and seemed to like her sympathy.

CHAPTER III.

Christie had other travelling companions who interested her very much. At the first stopping-place a lady with a little fellow hardly out of babyhood came and took the seat just behind her. She had to twist herself around to get a view of the baby as he sat in a corner of the seat; but he was so pretty that she could hardly keep her eyes away from him. He had wonderful large blue eyes, and a laughing face, and he kept bobbing up and down, and making pretty little sounds out of his rosebud mouth, and once he smiled on her as though he hadn't the least objection in the world to being better acquainted. But Christie did not dare to go near him, for he was beautifully dressed, and his mamma looked as though she might be very particular about his friends. So the little girl who had left a baby at home, looked the other way and tried to forget how much she wanted to kiss the baby behind her.

HARDLY OUT OF BABYHOOD.

The cars were quite full, but Christie thought that most of the people looked as though they had been obliged to get up too early, and had not had a good breakfast.

"They feel cross," she said to herself, "or else they feel afraid. I wonder if there is anything to be afraid of."

Thinking which, she looked over at Wells Burton, the boy who went on the train every morning to the city. He surely ought to know by this time whether there was any cause for fear. He had his hands in his pockets, and was looking out of the window and whistling. He did not look in the least afraid, neither did he look cross.

What a thing it would be to know him, and have him tell about all the wonders that he saw in the city every day! He had been to the State House, she had heard, and Karl said the stage-driver said that the Governor was a great friend of Mr. Burton, and had been out to see him.

How much Christie would like to hear something about the Governor from one who had actually heard him talk. She knew quite a good deal concerning this Governor. Her father admired him very much, and said he was one of the grandest temperance men in the State. And once when he went to the city to see about selling his corn, he had a story to tell about having seen the Governor standing in the door of his home, and a fine-looking man her father said he was.

Christie had a burning desire to see a real governor; or, failing in that—as of course she expected—to hear things about him: how he acted, and what he said, and all those nice pleasant things which she believed she could tell about people if she ever had any chances.

ALL SWUNG THEIR HATS AND CHEERED.

But she must not grumble on this morning, of all others in her life, she told herself, letting the sober look go out of her face, and bringing back the happy one. Here were plenty of chances. What a long story she could tell Karl about these people on the cars. And there was that baby cooing and jumping, and—why, yes, the darling was actually throwing kisses at her.

The train stopped again. It was a very accommodating train; it seemed to stop every few minutes to pick up passengers along the road when there was no station in sight. Some junction was yelled out, but the brakesman talked in Choctaw, and of course Christie did not understand him.

A gentleman came in, glanced up and down the well-filled car, then dropped into the seat beside Christie.

"I suppose you will let me sit with you?" he said, and his voice was very pleasant, and his face was bright with smiles. She made haste to say, "Yes, sir." Then he began to talk with her, or rather to her, for Christie said very little. He pointed out a log cabin as they flew past it, and told her the queerest little history about its being built there by a boy less than sixteen years old, for his mother. And how he worked day and night, and earned money enough to send away to Maine for her, and how he supported her. And how they lived in a nice pleasant house, and had cows and horses, and the mother made butter, and sold it at the highest price in market, and how she said "It can't help but be good butter, I have such a dear good boy."

Christie listened and exclaimed and enjoyed. What a thing to tell father and mother and Karl! She felt that she was piling up stories to last all the rest of the winter evenings.

She was very sorry when her pleasant friend arose at the very next station only a mile away, and bade her good-morning as politely as though she had been a grown-up lady. She wished so much that she knew his name. It would be awkward to be always calling him "the gentleman with bright eyes that looked right through you." That seemed to be the only way she could describe him.

She noticed that he stopped at Wells Burton's seat and shook hands with him. It was quite likely that Wells knew who he was."

"Now, if I only knew Wells Burton," she told herself, "I might ask him; but then I don't, and it isn't likely that I ever shall."

The pretty baby had gone to

sleep; she could not amuse herself with him, and so she turned to the window again just as they were passing a country road down which was flying a sleigh filled with a merry party, who, realizing that the train was beating them, all swung their hats and cheered them on. That was fun for a little time, and then as they whizzed along, she espied a comical sight that entertained her still more. But as the on-flying train left all these interesting scenes in the rear, Christie at last thought of her father's advice, and she began to see if she could learn to make a car.

She twisted her head about, and looked up and down and around her in so many ways that at last the sad-faced young man began to watch her. She was studying the long rope that ran through the top of the car, wondering what it was for, when he spoke to her.

"That rope is to be pulled to stop the train. If you should chance to want it stopped for any reason, all you would have to do would be to give that a violent pull; but I earnestly hope you won't do it, for it seems to me that we stop quite often enough."

"I am sure I won't," Christie said laughing a little, though really she felt somewhat startled over the bare idea of her stopping a train.

Not ten minutes after that it stopped again. What for? Nobody seemed to know. There was no station, not even so much as a shed; there was nobody to get on or off; yet there that ridiculous train stood, as though it had reached the end of its journey and did not care how soon the passengers hopped out in the snow. Then you should have heard the people grumble. Christie was astonished; she did not know that grown people were ever so cross. It made her laugh to see the watches bob out, while the faces which looked at them seemed to grow crosser every minute.

"What in the world are we stopping here for?" asked the pale-faced young man with such anxiety in his face that Christie felt very sorry for him. "What is the matter, sir?" This question he asked of a gentleman who had been on the platform looking about him.

"Don't know sir; can't find out. If the officials know they mean to keep it to themselves. Still, I guess we are going on soon; I saw signs of moving."

However, they did not move. The next person who thought it was his duty to attend to matters, was Wells Burton. How he happened to sit still so long, I'm sure I don't know. He sauntered out and looked about him. Christie turned herself in her seat to get a view from the door. What a long level stretch of road lay behind them! How queerly the track looked! Two long black snakes surrounded on every side by snow. She wished she could get a nearer view. She had been charged not to step off the train, and on no account to put her head out of the window. But what was to hinder her stepping down to that closed door, and getting a nearer view of the snakes?

She slipped quietly from her seat and went. It looked fully as queer as she thought it would. Wells Burton stood on the lower step of the car, also gazing about him; not at the track, but at the train-men, who seemed to be trying to decide whether it was worth while to go on. Suddenly they concluded that they would.

The engine gave a snort to express its approval of the plan, several passengers who had been standing on the track jumped back again on the car, and came in to see about their seats. Then

SHE SPIED A COMICAL SIGHT.

the wheels began to turn around. Still Wells Burton stood on that lowest step with his hands in his pockets. Christie looked at him, and a little shiver ran through her while she thought if that were Karl she should surely be tempted to reach out and pull at his coat. How could the boy be so foolish? Why did not his mother make him promise not to do so?

He was coming in now; and it was quite time, for the train was well under way. How did it happen? Nobody knew. Wells Burton least of all; and Christie, who stood looking on all the while could never give a clear account of that part of it. She only knew that the boy she was watching with such anxiety, turned carelessly on his heel, hands still in his pockets, and the next instant was lying a dreadful heap on the ground and the train was scudding on, and nobody but she, Christie Tucker, knew anything about it. She had just once thought in her mind—What if it were Karl? She gave one little squeal, which the engine swallowed, so that nobody heard, and the next second she did what made all the people in the car think that the quiet-faced well-behaved little girl had suddenly gone crazy. She gave a quick little hop, very much as she had done many a time to reach the lowest bough of the apple-tree, and caught that rope whose use she had just learned, and never surely was harder pull given to it than her stout little body managed at that moment. In an instant the car was full of excitement. "What—what—what does that mean?" asked the fat man who had been the last to enter the train. The handsome old gentleman looked at her gravely through his gold spectacles, and the pale-faced man who had taught her about the rope said hastily: "Why, my child, you ought not to have done that. What in the world do you want?"

All this happened, of course, in a few seconds; and before Christie could catch her frightened breath to explain, in came the conductor, looking like a summer thunder cloud. "What does all this mean?" he asked gruffly. "Who pulled that rope?"

Christie took time to be glad that the train was actually stopping, before she explained in a quick, frightened voice, "Oh, sir, he fell off just as he was stepping on the train again, and he lies in the road. Do you think it killed him?"

"Who fell? What are you talking about?" said the conductor, his quick eye roving over the car in search of missing passengers. "Was it the boy who sat in that seat?" But before Christie could think of stammering out a "Yes, sir," he had turned from her and rushed out of the car, and the train which had almost stopped, began to move slowly backward. I'm sure you can imagine better than I can tell you how they all acted then. How they crowded around that end door, and all tried to see out from a space that would accommodate only two; and there was nothing to see! How they crowded around Christie, and asked questions! "How did it happen?" Christie did not know; she was still trembling over the thought that it had happened. "What was he out there for?" Christie did not know. In her heart she believed it was because he was a very foolish boy; but that she did not like to say. "Was he hurt much?" Christie did not know; she wished very much that she did. "Is he your brother, my child?" This the handsome-faced old gentleman asked her.

"No sir," said Christie; she knew so much, at least. Then she told who he was. "Ah, indeed!" the gentleman said. "A son of Warren H. Burton," he supposed. He had heard of him. Then there was a sudden bustle, and a scurrying to get out of the way, and a turning over of car seats to make a bed; for they were bringing the poor fellow in. Christie was relieved to find, as they passed her seat, that his eyes were wide open, and that though he looked very pale, he gazed about him like one who was curious to see what the people thought of all this, and seemed just a little vexed over their curiosity.

"Oh, no; he isn't badly hurt," the conductor said, as having fixed the boy into a seat, and made him as comfortable as possible, he came down the aisle on his way out. "He has a sprained ankle that will shut him up for a few weeks, and a bruise or two; nothing serious, I think. How he escaped so easily is more than I can imagine. I thought of course he was killed. It is a bad habit, this standing on the car steps; I wonder his father doesn't forbid it."

(To be continued.)

ANIMALS show a deal of instinct in caring for themselves and for each other when ill. A dog that has lost his appetite eats grass known as dog's grass. Sheep and cows seek out certain herbs, and cats hunt for catnip. An animal with rheumatism will always keep in the sun as much as possible.—*Congregationalist.*

Without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor. —*Dr. Johnson.*

The Family Circle.

THE PRECIOUS TOKENS.

I have something Jesus gave me
For my own!
It is something which he sent me
From his throne.

I do not seek for hidden gold,
In earth's ground,
Nor give my wealth to gain the pearl
Which I found.

It is something which I carry
Near my heart:
It is safe till Jesus bids me
From it part.

In itself it has no value
More than tears,
Though I'm weary as I bear it,
I've no fears.

It is precious as a token
From my Lord,
That His heart thought is as loving
As His word!

Like His presence, it doth bring me
Peace divine;
'Tis His sweet and tender whisper,
"Thou art mine."

What is the gift I clasp so closely,
Wouldst thou see?
'Tis a cross, which Christ my Master,
Sent to me.

If my human hand had found it,
I should grieve,
But my Jesus laid it on me,
I believe!

Oh, how sweet it is to bear it
As His gift,
While the burden of my treasure
Christ doth lift!

—*Congregationalist.*

A JEWEL LOST.

BY EARNEST GILMORE.

"Lost—somewhere—a golden hour
Of this glowing autumn day;
Since the sunrise, ere the sunset,
I have lost it on my way."

Fanny Randolph sat in a darkened room brooding over her trials. It did seem as if no one in the whole world was as burdened as she was. She wished she could fly away somewhere and be at rest. "Such an unsympathetic set of children as ours I never heard of," she wailed, and then following the wail came a burst of hot tears.

"What's the trouble, Fannie dear?" asked a cheery voice, as the door opened softly and a sunshiny face peeped in. "Seems as if I heard the sound of sobbing. Where are you anyway? It's as dark as a pocket here," and Susie Holloway stumbled over an inconvenient hassock before she reached her friend's side. The sobbing had ceased. Fannie laughed as she answered, "I'm here, having just been enjoying the luxury of a good cry. The fact is, I'm completely weary of housekeeping and the care of children; it is monotonous and wearisome beyond endurance."

"Have you been in here enjoying the luxury ever since you closed the blinds?" asked Susie, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes, ever since; it does not seem long though. Did you see me close the blinds?"

"Yes. I am sorry you lost a jewel, Fannie."

"Why, Sue, I have lost nothing, it was Laura Don; she lost the ruby out of her finger ring, but her father says she can have another as soon as they go to the city."

"But, Fannie, you, too, have lost a jewel, and your father will never replace it," Susie said soberly.

"What do you mean, Sue?"

"I mean you have lost this hour brooding. Let me recite you a couple of verses from the 'Link of Gold.'"

"For my hour was a jewel,
And with sixty small ones set:
Round each minute sixty seconds
Made the radiance brighter yet."

"Oh, has anybody seen it?
Seen my precious hour of gold?
I would go to buy another,
But such treasures are not sold."

Fannie was crying again, but this time the tears were not angry ones, but those of repentance.

"I'm so sorry, Sue, that I have been so wicked; I who profess to follow our Master. Let me tell you my troubles, Sue, and you will help me. I do not want to lose any more links of gold."

"Tell on, dear, I'm listening."

"It is hard to be both sister and mother."

"So it is, Fannie."

"And it is hard to have so poor a servant as Biddy is; she almost distracts me."

"Then get some one to take her place as soon as you can. In the meantime make the best of her. What are her principal faults?"

"She is a wretched cook, and is very untidy; such a looking table as she sets, everything on askew. Father don't enjoy his meals much."

"Can't you teach her better?"

"No; I have tried a good many times."

"Couldn't you help for awhile—assist in the cooking and set the table? I do."

"I suppose I could, but I don't like puttering around the kitchen."

"I would not putter, whatever that may be, I would work," Sue answered, smilingly.

"But Biddy is not the worst of my trouble. Albert is so trying. I believe he tears his pants purposely to make me mend them, and Carl is forever cutting chips and littering up the house, and as for Janie, I don't know as there ever comes a day that her demands upon one are not 'outrageous.'"

"Fannie, my dear, you are blue and no mistake. Come out of this dark room. I want you over to my house a little while, and when you return I will give you a recipe that was once given to me to use." "A recipe for what?" "To bring sunshine out of darkness." Fannie went with Sue, remained a half hour, and then returned with a slip of folded paper in her hand. She opened and read, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." And then underneath were the pencilled words: "Please use the recipe in your own family first, dear friend."

The afternoon had nearly passed away when Albert and Carl returned from school. They burst into the sitting-room like young hurricanes, but were struck dumb with surprise, when instead of the expected, "Do stop your everlasting noise!" from Fannie, she said, "Your coat is all mended nicely Albert; it lies on your bed, and you'll find something you wanted in the pocket," adding to Carl as Albert ran up the stairs, "I have cleared out the big closet for you, Carl, so as you can whittle all you want to. I shouldn't wonder if you would be a famous carver some day."

Carl said nothing but went to explore "the big closet," coming back just as Albert was kissing Fannie. He heard him say, "Oh, Fan, how good of you to give me your red silk handkerchief. I've begged for it so often that I didn't deserve it, but I'll make it all right though. I know where some royal cat-tails grow, and I'll bring you some of the finest you ever saw before I'm an hour older."

Albert could not say any more, for Carl pushed him aside to take Fannie's smiling face between his hands. He kissed it tenderly saying huskily, "I've been a mean fellow, Fan, chipping all over the house just to be hateful, but you've punished me now, heaping coals on my head. Oh, what a cute little workroom that closet makes, so light, too, with the big, clean window. Oh, Fan, I'll make you some of the prettiest things you ever saw—Swiss cottages and a clock and a double bracket." And then an hour later, when Mr. Randolph and his children gathered at the supper table, a gleam of light broke over all the faces. And why? Because the table was laid so neatly, with the vase of beautiful flowers in the centre, and the egg-toast was so delicious and the flaky brown potatoes done to a turn. "You are improving wonderfully, Biddy," Mr. Randolph said, as the girl brought in the tea. "Shure, sir, it's Miss Fannie needs all the praise, fer 'tis her that's done it all. Bless her, but I'm afther thryin' to larn, an' I will larn, too." Then Biddy went into the kitchen and Mr. Randolph looked at his daughter. That look she never forgot; it took deep root in her heart, and with it went the last vestige of darkness. She rejoiced that she was the possessor of a wonderful recipe. The recipe is free too, Are you using it?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TWO WAYS.

BY MRS. E. M. NELSON.

There are quite too many among Christian people who utterly fail to realize how easy it is to darken the active imagination of a little child with a nameless horror that overshadows his soul for years or for life, or how easily it is to arouse his keen delight in things beyond his material surroundings so as to glorify to him the future here and hereafter.

Years ago there lived next door a dear little two-year old child, a shy little dark-eyed thing, who ran to meet me and followed me about like an infant double. One evening from apparently perfect health she passed into a lethargic state, followed speedily by convulsion after convulsion, the frail body racked in the grasp of that fierce manifestation of disease, until, in a few hours, despite the wisest professional counsel, and most assiduous care, all hope of recovery was gone, and we stood about the poor exhausted baby watching the labored breathing as the life panted itself away.

Leaning on his mother's knee and close to his little sister's side stood Frank, five years old, watching in puzzled wonder the scene, now so strangely quiet in contrast to the wild haste and bustle of applying restoratives, and evidently feeling much relieved that the darling sister was so much better.

Suddenly out of the complete stupor in which she had lain the wee thing opened wide her brilliant eyes, raised herself from the pillow in haste, looking above and beyond us all at something invisible to us. The little hands reached towards it, a wonderful light broke over the baby face, and a rapt expression of marvellous, unspeakable delight glorified the sweet smile into something indescribably beautiful.

We waited breathless in this audience-chamber of a passing soul. In a moment the eyelids fell, the limbs relaxed, and the lovely image of what had been our pet and darling was all that was left before us. We felt that angels had been among us though we knew them not, but the smile with which she went left its charm upon the baby face even in the dreamless sleep.

The little boy stood in wonder looking at the happy face, uncomprehending death. But at that instant the mother, for the first time realizing that her child was dead, with one shriek threw her arms around the boy, breaking into a wild confusion of cries and lamentations: "O Frankie, little sister is dead, is dead! She'll never speak to us again, nor ever come back to play with you! You'll never see her any more, and she's going to be buried in the cold, damp ground, and the worms will eat my baby up! Oh! Oh! Oh!" And wringing her hands and rocking wildly back and forth in her chair, she was oblivious to the fact that the boy was white with terror and trembling in every limb.

Some one tried to comfort him, but he rushed from the room in an agony of fright; and though in the days following his face was swollen with weeping and he could neither be forced to eat nor coaxed to play, he would not once enter the room where the sweet form of the baby girl lay, a flower among the flowers, and even when the family went to take leave of the precious clay he could not be induced to go with them, but broke into frantic screams and struggled with all his puny strength to break away from the kind hands that gently persisted in trying to overcome his aversion and painful fright.

This was the impression made upon his young mind by the wicked foolishness of his mother, when it might so easily have been that through all his life death would have been a beautiful mystery into which even his tiny sister went with shining face, instead of the horror into which his mother's wild unreason had transformed it. That was one way, this the other.

Not long ago a young wife with a devoted husband and winsome daughter, four years old, began to fade in health, and soon realized she could never recover. The husband's mother, living with them, observed that she and the child often had long talks together, and it became more noticeable towards the last, when, her strength so rapidly failing that she could not speak above a whisper, the little daughter knelt upon a hassock at her mother's side as she lay in her reclining chair and listened as if never tired of the faint whispers from her lips, inaudible to all others.

A sudden change for the worse coming on, the little girl was sent away, and in a few hours the suffering mother had ceased to breathe. The next morning the grief stricken father said to his mother, "I'll take you over to get Mamie, but you must tell her that her mother is dead, for I cannot!"

With great sorrow of heart the good woman complied with his request, but judge you what must have been her trial, realizing so perfectly as she did the distress she must bring to the tender heart of the little one always so devoted to that mother.

She could hardly find voice to greet her when the little girl ran into her arms, but feeling her strength giving way she dared not wait. Drawing the child to her, she said, "Mamie darling, your mamma has gone away." A sudden and astonishing change in the child's manner stopped the words upon her lips. A swift transition had come over her; she stood an instant spell-bound, as if linking in these tidings with something in the past, and then burst out, holding tightly her grandmother's hand, "Oh, has she gone to that beautiful place? Has she really gone? And she won't be sick any more, and she can sing again the way she used to sing to us! and she's all in white, and the angels are there and Jesus too, and"—for the first time the brave little voice faltered, a sob breaking through the words, the tears streaming down the flushed cheeks as the quivering baby voice went on—"and I can't see her any more now, not for a long, long time, and she—she can't come back home any more; but by-and-by if I'm Jesus' little lamb, I'll go where she is! And I won't be afraid, for mamma 'll be waiting for her little Mamie all the time!"

The father caught his child to his heart. "Out of the mouth of babes" had come consolation. His child's words recalled the thought, lost in the first intensity of grief, that he and she, the desolate husband and the orphaned babe, should in God's own good time go home and find her waiting.

Through those weeks of failing strength and of suffering the mother-love had conquered its own anguish of parting in painting on that baby soul a picture of immortal glory and unfading joy which nothing earthly can ever dim. Death to her will never be aught but "going home."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

WILLING TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

"But, aunty dear, I cannot see just what we have to do."

"We must attend to our hearts, and see that they are quite right with God."

"It would be a great deal easier to do something else, aunty; I cannot quite make out about getting the heart right."

"We have all sinned against God, and we all owe him a great debt, Clarice."

"Yes, aunty, I know."

"Somebody is able and willing to pay that debt for us."

"Yes, Jesus is able and willing to do it."

"Then the next thing is, are we willing to let him do it?"

"What a strange question; aunty!"

"No, it is not a strange question: it is just the question we need to settle before we can find out anything about getting the heart right."

"But, surely, everybody must be willing, aunty?"

"No, child: more than half the people of the Christian world are not willing; a very great many people want to get the debt paid, but they object to the right way. Jesus died for us all—not for a few of us. He will satisfy our debt to God, if we will let him: all we have to do is to make up our minds that he can settle, and that we will let him do it."

"Surely, everybody knows that he can, because he suffered and died just for that, and surely it seems as though everybody must be willing."

"No, dear; many think they can pay the debt themselves by being very good, but they can never be perfect, and God requires perfection; only the blood of Jesus can cleanse the sins of our hearts and lives. Many think they must do some great thing themselves, and forget that it was Jesus who did the great thing, and that we have only to be willing to believe in him, and to take the benefit. Then there are many who are not willing, because they like their own way and pleasure so much that they are not content to give up this heart and have it made right."

"There it is again about the heart, aunty; it is a hard part to understand."

"A heart has four things to decide before becoming a Christian heart. It must decide it owes God a debt, and that it cannot pay God itself: it must decide that Jesus is able and willing to pay it: it must decide to let Jesus pay it. Some people get as far as the first three steps, but never get any further. They decide that they cannot pay God themselves, and that Jesus is able to make it all right, but they do not decide to let him do it."

"It seems very strange, aunty; how can they do so?"

"To decide to let Jesus do it is to give the heart to God, to get the heart right. It does not only mean that I believe the truth, that I cannot save myself, and that Jesus can save me, but that I give myself up to Him to do as he pleases with me: I ask Him to take away all evil from me, and to make me all good; to put His Holy Spirit in my heart that I may know what is right, and to make me so strong that when I know what is right I may always do it, no matter how much I may want to do wrong. It is giving up my wishes for God's wishes; it is giving up everything for Jesus' sake—it is called giving God the heart."

Clarice sat with her face resting on her hand, and looking up in aunty's face; she began to see what was meant by "giving the heart."

"God can do as he pleases with us any way, aunty; and we all want him to."

"Some of us want him to, dear, but God's doing with us as he pleases and our doing as God pleases are two different things entirely."

"Yes, aunty."

"I have known people who really seemed to wish in a weak, sad way to do right, who are always doing wrong—very wrong indeed—and that was the reason. They were not willing to have Jesus save them in His way, because they did not care enough about Him, or about being saved, to give their hearts to Him; to give up their lives to Him; to make up their minds to do as nearly right as they could, no matter what stood in the way."

"It seems very easy when we talk about it, but aunty, it is not easy to be good always," said Clarice, sadly. "Do you think people ever make a mistake, and think they are Christians when they are not Christians at all?"

"I am afraid they do, dear; but if they took the trouble they could easily find out."

"How, aunty dear?"

"By constantly watching themselves, and discovering if they like God's way or their own way best. I know a young girl who acknowledges herself that she wants to be honorable; but that she wants gay ribbons and fixings *so much more* that she sometimes steals to satisfy her wish. I know some one else who would like to be sweet tempered, but who likes so much better to be ill-tempered that she makes herself and others grave troubles. There are plenty of us who admire goodness, but the thing is to determine through all difficulties to be good, not merely to like to be good. Loving God, giving God the heart, obeying God as perfectly as possible, all mean the same thing—a determination to do what is right, to do what will please God through everything, and over everything, no matter how we feel about it, no matter how hard it is, or how much we want to do the other way, or what difficulty starts before us, or how it will make the tears come, or the bones break, or the heart ache; that in all cases, in all times, in all places we will do, as nearly as can be, the thing that will be pleasing to God."

"Being willing for Jesus to save us means a great deal, aunty."

"It is the part that comes hardest, Clarice, though it sounds very easy, and remember always, the four steps necessary to become a Christian,—to feel that we have sinned and owe God a debt, and that we cannot pay the debt ourselves; to decide that Jesus is able and willing to pay it, and that we are willing to let him do it for us."—*Geo. Kingle in N. Y. Observer.*

MANY OF THE LONDON STREET-CARS, which run on more than 400 routes and carry 75,000,000 of people a year, have texts of Scripture neatly posted up in them, at an annual cost of two and a half dollars for each. This is the work of a London association formed for the purpose.

A LETTER FROM INDIA

Last week we gave an account of a mission circle which is working in connection with the Ladies' Society in one of our churches. This week we are permitted to copy a letter that was received some time ago by "The Little Helpers." Perhaps some of the young folks who read it will wish to form mission circles of their own in order to help in the good work of sending the Gospel to far-off lands.

VELLORE, March 8th, 1884.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: I am going to try to tell you something of our boarding-school in which Mr. Pakiumnadhan is one of the teachers. Mrs. G. informs me that you intend to help support him, and perhaps you will like to shorten his name as we do and call him Mr. Pakium.

Our school is in many respects very different from any that you have attended. It is composed entirely of black or colored girls, but they do not resemble negroes, as they have nice, straight, long black hair. Negro girls have flat noses and thick lips but our girls have often pretty noses and mouths, and beautiful teeth. The last they get by cleaning them with charcoal. They never need to be reminded to clean them, as so many children in America do, because these little people are brought up from infancy to look upon keeping the mouth clean as a very important thing, which must never be forgotten. Tooth-brushes are not the fashion here, but the end of the forefinger or a bit of soft stick is a very good substitute. They do not use a hairbrush either, but a wooden comb. They put cocoanut-oil on the hair, and that makes it very glossy.

Their dress is also quite different from yours. They wear a very small colored jacket with short sleeves, a colored petticoat, and over that a long strip of calico or muslin laid over one shoulder, one end falling in front like an apron. The other end is brought from the back around the waist and back again, where it falls like a broad sash behind. It can be made to look very pretty.

They have no shoes or stockings, no hats or bonnets, but when they go to church they loose this strip of cloth and put it over the head. The big girls have a large cloth which is made to form the whole dress, and is very graceful when well put on. It can be very costly. I saw a rich native lady with one on that cost seventy-five dollars, but those that our girls wear cost from two to four dollars, or even less.

In this seminary we have at present fifty-four girls, divided into four classes, and varying in age from nine to sixteen. They have good memories and can repeat many verses in the Bible, the Heidelberg Catechism, and other books. They like to sing and know many of their own native songs or hymns, which are not at all like yours.

They, however, play some games very like those that children play in America, especially the running games, and they count out the girls with a funny sounding verse, but as I remember to have done when a little girl. You will be surprised to hear what these children have to eat. About seven o'clock in the morning, after they have swept the building and taken a bath themselves, they each have a rice cake and some gruel. At twelve they each have a large soup-plate full of boiled rice, meat and vegetables made into a curry. Curry is made of spices, red peppers, onions, tamarinds, and some kinds of seed. All these ingredients are rolled on a large stone until very fine, and then by the addition of water made into a paste. The meat and vegetables are chopped and stewed with this paste, and then each child has some poured over her dish of rice. In the evening at seven o'clock they have another dish of rice and curry without meat, and a different kind of vegetable. On Sunday night they have salt fish to eat with their curry, and occasionally they have pickles and bananas.

These children all give something to the Lord, but this they do in a different way from most children at home. They are entitled to two rice cakes apiece every morning, but they give up one in order that they may have something to put into the plate at church, and to help in giving the Scriptures to other heathen children. This giving up a part of their early breakfast is quite an act of self denial, for, as you may imagine, they must get very hungry before twelve o'clock.

They are taught to do very pretty crochet work, and they like it better than sewing. However, they are all obliged to learn a little plain work, and also to cook their own food, but as they have not much variety in their meals, this last is not very difficult.

When you pray to God ask Him to bless Mrs. Scudder and her schools at Vellore.

Yours affectionately,

MRS. J. W. SCUDDER

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TELEPHONING TO GOD.

A little girl who had never heard of a telephone was filled with wonder when she first saw one being used. She understood there was a conversation being carried on, but with whom, and where the person was, were both mysteries to her. Seeing her deep interest, the matter was explained.

Some time afterwards she was visiting her grandpapa, and family worship was a new thing to her. She asked many questions about it. Her grandpapa told her of God, who made all things, and who gives us all the blessings we enjoy.

"But, grandpapa, I never saw him. Where is he?"

She was told that he was everywhere, and could see and hear us, though we saw him not. For some time she sat lost in thought. Then suddenly her eyes sparkled, and she exclaimed:

"I see: I know now. When we pray we telephone to God!"

When we pray, dear readers, do we always realize, as we do when we speak through the telephone, that our words will be heard and answered, "if we ask aright"? As a tender parent stoops down to listen to the request of the little one, so our Heavenly Father "inclines his ear" to hearken to us. He is the "hearer and answerer of prayer." Whatever gives us anxiety or trouble, even though it may be too small to tell our fellow-creatures, we may pour into his ear; with the assurance that if he does not see fit to remove it, he will give us strength to bear it. Let us in our prayers "become as little children."—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

"IN GREAT DANGER."

As a Christian man was passing out of church a few Sabbaths ago he met an old acquaintance whom he had not seen for several years. In the brief interview he seriously said to him. "I understand that you are in great danger."

The remark was heard with surprise. The friend addressed was not aware of any danger, and eagerly inquired what was meant. The answer was, "I have been informed that you are getting rich."

Men of this class are not accustomed to suspect danger from such a cause. They see none, and they see no reason why others should. And yet they are in peril; they are in great peril of losing their souls. They are in danger of making a god of mammon, instead of the living God. They are in danger of seeking to lay up their treasures on the earth, instead of in heaven, as the Saviour exhorts them to do. To his disciples he said, "Verily, I say unto you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of God." And Paul thus wrote: They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." And Solomon says, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." Alas, prosperous worldly men stand in slippery places, and there is great danger that their feet will slide in due time, and that they will be destroyed both body and soul in hell.—*American Messenger.*

AN INFIDEL'S PRAYER.

The following incident has just been related by a minister, whose veracity will not be questioned by any one who knows him. It occurred under his personal observation, and hence it is not a story manufactured to illustrate a point. He has no objection to the use of his name, nor would he hesitate to give the name of the person who was most concerned. He is ready also to furnish the precise date and locality of an event in the history of a young man, that speaks in thunder tones to those who deliberately make light of God and of his Word.

This young man, just entering upon the practice of medicine, had become a scoffing infidel through the reading of Ingersoll's wretched books, and other vile productions of hell. He seized every opportunity to pour forth a tide of shocking blasphemy against Christ, and held up the Bible among his companions to coarse and obscene ridicule. At length he went so far in his desperate wickedness that he uttered a wilful lie, and perpetrated a monstrous fraud, in order to express his contempt for Christianity. He pretended to be converted, and asked permission in a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association to confess the Lord Jesus publicly by leading in prayer.

Of course his request was gladly granted, but, meanwhile, he had prepared a prayer addressed to the Unknown God. It was filled with horrible irreverence and thoughtfully-planned insult of the Saviour. Spreading the manuscript before him on a seat, he kneeled down, and commenced to read his ribaldry, when his voice was suddenly hushed, and his body was heard to fall upon the floor. The young men who were present hastened to him, but found that he was dead, and in unspeakable awe they carried forth the corpse, the ghastly pallor of the face and stony stare of the eyes haunting them, as they bore all that was left of the scoffer to his home.—*The Truth.*

Question Corner.—No. 23.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Which name, beginning with A, is that of a good housekeeper who averted a great peril from her cross husband, and made a friend of an enemy?

2. How many loaves of bread, clusters of raisins, and cakes of figs did this matron prepare as a gift at a very short notice?

3. Which name, beginning with H, is that of a wise woman who was a prophetess? Where was her home?

4. Which king was only seven years old when he began to reign? His mother's name began with Z. What is it?

5. Give the name of a royal lady beginning with V. She was shamefully insulted by her husband, a king. Give the name of the beautiful maiden who succeeded her as queen. It begins with E.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

An exhortation we all should heed.

1. The place where Jesus wrought His first miracle.
2. The priest unto whom Samuel as a child ministered.
3. The place where Paul came and abode with the disciples.
4. The first king of Israel.
5. The first of the seven churches to which John wrote.
6. Where Jonah sought to flee from the presence of the Lord.
7. He who hid a hundred prophets in a cave.
8. He who was worshipped by a king.
9. He in whose house the ark of God rested.
10. Joseph's youngest son.
11. The queen who refused to appear before the king at his command.
12. A symbolical name given to Christ by the prophet Isaiah.
13. The place where the people attempted to offer sacrifices to Paul, calling him Mercurius.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No 21.

1. Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite; and Sisera, captain of the host of the king of Canaan. Judges 4. 1, 21.
2. Deborah. Judges 4. 4.
3. The ten tribes revolted because Rehoboam refused to lighten their burdens. 2 Chron. 10. 1, 18.
4. Elisha feeding the hundred men with twenty loaves and some ears of corn. 2 Kings 4. 42, 44.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

EAR—EYE.

1 E-v-s . . . . . Gen. iii. 20.
2. A-r-n-y . . . . . Judges ix. 26.
3. R-m-s . . . . . Acts xvii. 2.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Cora May Snow.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.

Dec. 7, 1884.] [Prov. 23: 29-35.

DRUNKENNESS.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 29-32.

29. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

30. They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

31. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

32. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

33. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things.

34. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.

35 They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Be not among winebibbers."—Prov. 23: 20.

HOME READINGS.

M. Prov. 23: 20-35 .....Drunkenness.
T. Prov. 23: 12-23.....Be not among Winebibbers.
W. Dan. 1: 1-21.....A Total-Abstinence Boy.
Th. Jer. 35: 1-19.....A Total-Abstinence Family.
F. Isa. 28: 1-16.....The Drunkards of Ephraim.
Sa. Isa. 5: 11-25.....Judgments Denounced.
S. Heb. 2: 12-20.....Woe to the Drunkard-Maker!

LESSON PLAN.

1. The Deceitfulness of the Cup. 2. The Curse of the Cup.

Time.—About B.C. 1000. Place.—Written by Solomon at Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

The part of the book of Proverbs from which this lesson is taken begins with chapter 22: 17. It is there entitled "The Words of the Wise," as if containing the utterances of many wise men. It was probably compiled from various sources by Solomon. It comes to us not only with his authority, but also with that of God himself, by whom it was inspired. Our lesson passage is just as important now as it was in the days of Solomon. It shows us the deadly effects of drunkenness, and points out the only way to avoid them.

LESSON NOTES.

1.—V. 29. WHO HATH WOE—a very vivid picture of the effects of drunkenness, but no picture can be as vivid as the reality; such woe—such sorrow—who hath it? CONTENTIONS—brawls and disputes. BABBLING—"anxious care." WOUNDS WITHOUT CAUSE—such as come from drunken brawls—often to brutal murder. REDNESS OF EYES—the disgusting evidence of excessive drinking. V. 30. MIXED WINE—mixed with drugs and spices to make it stronger. V. 31. LOOK NOT—avoid the allurements of sin; "touch not, taste not, handle not," do not even look at it. WHEN IT IS RED—the very color, its sparkling transparency in the cup, the relish with which it moveth itself aright, or "goes down smoothly" all tend to excite the debasing appetite. For, whatever be its present zest, at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Did it bite first, who would touch it? If poison were seen in the cup, who would taste it? Is the poison less deadly because it is unseen? Is the cup less dangerous because it is deceitful? If the adder's sting is concealed, yet fatal. There is death in the cup. If the strong language of Solomon was true of the wines of his day, how much more applicable is it to the vile and poisonous liquids that are measured out in the drinking-saloons that abound in our cities!

II.—V. 33. Drunkenness leads to impurity. PERVERSE THINGS—filthy, foolish utterances that seem wit to the man turned into a brute. V. 34. IN THE MIDST OF THE SEA—giddy and reeling like a rolling vessel. UPON THE TOP OF THE MAST—unconscious of danger. This infatuation is the most awful part of the curse. V. 35. Even the senses seem to be stupefied. Stricken and beaten he may be, but he thanks his drunkenness that he feels it not. Therefore the fool returns to his folly. I WILL SEEK IT YET AGAIN—lost to shame and more senseless than the brute, he gives himself up to his debasing, destroying sin. Woe to the drunkard! Drinking is like sliding down hill on a sled—the farther you go the faster you go, and the more difficult it is to stop. It hurts the body, the mind, the character, the reputation, the comfort of life, the peace of society and the good order of the world. It hardens men in wickedness, and issues in misery both here and hereafter. No drunkard shall inherit eternal life. We lose nothing by total abstinence; we avoid danger for ourselves, and our example may be the salvation of others. Let every one who studies this lesson solemnly pledge himself never to taste the intoxicating cup.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That drunkenness is a most fearful evil and sin.

2. That there is danger in the use of intoxicating drinks.

3. That we should abstain entirely from their use.

4. That we should do all we can to discourage their use by others.

5. That we should discountenance their sale as a beverage.

LESSON XI.

Dec. 14, 1884.] [Eccles. 2: 1-13.

VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 10, 11.

1. I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure: and behold, this also is vanity.

2. I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?

3. I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life.

4. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards;

5 I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits:

6. I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees;

7. I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me;

8. I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings, and of the provinces: I gat me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts.

9. So I was great and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; also my wisdom remained with me.

10. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them. I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labor: and this was my portion of all my labor.

11. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

12. And I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly: for what can the man do that cometh after the king? even that which hath been already done.

13. Then I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness."—Eccles. 2: 13.

HOME READINGS.

M. Eccles. 1: 1-18.....Worldly Wisdom Tested.
T. Eccles. 2: 1-11.....Worldly Pleasures Tested.
W. Eccles. 2: 12-26.....Human Wisdom and Labor Vain.
Th. Eccles. 6: 1-12.....What is Man the better?
F. Luke 12: 13-21.....The Rich Fool.
Sa. Luke 16: 19-31 .....Worldly and Heavenly Portions Contrasted.
S. Eccles. 12: 1-14.....The Conclusion of the Whole Matter.

LESSON PLAN.

1. The World's Pleasures Tested. 2. The Result of the Test.

Time.—About B.C. 977. Place.—Written at Jerusalem by Solomon, after his repentance and restoration from idolatry.

INTRODUCTORY.

The book of Ecclesiastes was probably written by Solomon near the close of his life, when he had repented of his sin and folly, and was convinced of the vanity of everything except piety toward God. The word "Ecclesiastes" means preacher, and by this name the author is designated throughout the book. Our lesson passage gives us the confession of one who had tried worldly pleasures and found them wanting.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 1. I WILL PROVE THEE—will test whether thou canst find solid good in pleasure. MIRTH—the self-indulgence that excites mirth; gay, merry society. V. 2. MAD—the men become like demented beings, out of their own control. V. 3. UNTO WINE—the pleasures of the table, rich feasting and abundant drinking. ACQUAINTING—not abandoning himself to indulgence, but carefully observing its effects upon him—a dangerous experiment to which he became a victim. V. 4. GREAT WORKS—forgetting the lusts of the flesh he now passes to the lust of the eye and that pride of life which seeks and delights in outward splendor. HOUSES—see 1 Kings 7: 1-12. GARDENS AND ORCHARDS—parks of beautiful trees, with fruit trees. V. 5. POOLS OF WATER—reservoirs of large pools or reservoirs are still seen a few miles south-west from Jerusalem. V. 7. GOT—brought or procured. BORN IN MY HOUSE—those from their natural fruitfulness were, on this account, esteemed of special value. V. 8. SILVER AND GOLD—see the account of Solomon's riches in 1 Kings 10: 14-25. PECULIAR TREASURES—rare and curious things highly esteemed. V. 10. WHATSOEVER MINE EYES DESIRED—he had no wish ungratified.

II.—V. 11. THEN I TOOK—he took a careful survey of the whole, and found that all he had gained was not worth the labor. NO PROFIT—no satisfying portion. Life with its highest joys is profitless without a higher end—without another life. V. 12. WHAT CAN A MAN DO—no other man could possibly have the power to make the trial of these things as he had. V. 13. WISDOM EXCELLETH FOLLY—worldly wisdom, not heavenly or true piety, is here meant. It exceeds folly as much as light exceeds darkness. But it does not yield the solid, permanent good that man craves. All worldly things are unsatisfying. The wisdom that is from above, the hope of a blessed life beyond the grave, is the only satisfying good.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That sensual pleasures are unsatisfying and debasing.

2. That wealth and luxury cannot afford real enjoyment.

3. That worldly honors can give no enduring joy.

4. That worldly wisdom and learning yield but temporary satisfaction.

5. That we should set our affection on things above, not on things on the earth. Col. 3: 2.

THE TEACHER IN HIS CLASS.

In every lesson, as far as possible, stick to one point. Do not attempt to cram the mind of your pupil with too much. Say to yourself, "Such and such is the point in my lesson, let all the rest of my teaching revolve around that." One point fixed on the mind is better than twenty "in at one ear and out at the other."

Be simple. Do not shoot over the head off your scholar. Little Johnnie was very anxious to go to Aunt Susan's. When his mother inquired why he was so very anxious to go there, he replied, "Because aunt Susan always puts the ginger-snaps on the lowest shelf." If the teacher in a Sunday-school class talks of "protoplasm," "antipodes," "the sun culminating at noon," and like things, there will be little or no interest, but if he puts "the ginger-snaps on the lowest shelf," he will not fail to hold the attention of the little ones.

Do not preach. Here is a temptation, especially if the love of God is in your heart. But there is a time for everything, and in teaching children, bear in mind that they will remember long what they tell you but will soon forget what you tell them. This is the difference between a good teacher and a poor one. A good teacher will draw out the observations and reflections of the scholar, and so make him remember; a poor teacher gives him a lot of information, which is no sooner heard than forgotten, because the child has not been worked, and takes no part in the lesson.

Don't neglect the dull children. There is such a temptation to push forward the clever ones and neglect the rest, but it is the second half of a class which is the test of a good teacher. It is easy enough to teach a child who is anxious to learn, but the dull and stupid ones surely want most care.

For their benefit be graphic. You are teaching the parable of "the sower." Picture out the crowds, the lake, the hills around, the boat, throw life and reality into the scene. An able writer, describing this, makes little boys trying to spell Peter's name backwards on the stern of the boat. Or your lesson is on Simeon detained by Joseph as a prisoner. Picture the feelings of the wives watching the return of their husbands from a distance, and seeing one short—their agony of suspense to know which it was. A young teacher once described Peter praying on the house top—the flat roof, the seabeach below him, the sun shining on the waves, etc.,—to a class of big manufacturing "Brummagem" boys, and the next Sunday the lesson had hardly begun, before one began, and the whole number chimed in: "O teacher, please tell us again about Peter, and the waves, and the roof—it was so nice!"—*Selected.*

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